The birdhouse of my soul

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The birdhouse of my soul Assorted poems

Dalgona ~~~

Can't you see
that you get me
all shook up inside?

So,
let's make a cup.

I'll be the milk,
you'll be the coffee.
Just rest on top
(but don't get off me).

Down you'll sink
and seep in:
a combination
sweet as sin.

On walnut leaves ~~~

How many
angels must have fallen
to the earth
and rotted
for this
walnut grove
to have
reclaimed
their wings
and lifted them back
up towards the sky?

Dry bite ~~~

The dry bite.
It's a strange act of mercy
  But I want more than mercy
I want a story
to tell.

Perpetuum ~~~

A loving embrace
  Amongst these unknown faces
Some things never cease.

For my angel (Olsen) ~~~

I've made my bed
I've laid out all these tears
I've made my bed
made up of all my fears.

- Angel Olsen ("Waving, Smiling")

I'm making my bed--
I'm setting the stage
  for dreams I can't hold on to,
my dream I cannot keep.

Why would I lie?
My God--

I'd let you be my god--
If that meant that you could see
  just what it is
you do to me!

Why would I lie,
my angel?

Otto (Mahler) ~~~

I've been waiting for your music to come 'round
Yearning, yearning for a melody to be found.
I must know what secrets you're hiding underground.
Otto, to see you I am bound.

I've been waiting for life's melodies to sound
Yearning, yearning for some music to be found.
When they hear the shot, oh, on my door they'll pound.
Otto, to see you I am bound.

Augusta County, 9 P.M. ~~~

We cross
  the county line.

Past the green sign,
a city beyond
  crouches cowardly,
  unready
  for revelation.
Its streetlights burn like hellfire--
  embers
  of a foolish fury
  for they become
  but coals
in the stove of God's workshop
  as He steps down
  at this odd hour,
a tuft of His nebulous beard
  illumined
polishing
  (obsidian?
  onyx?
  or maybe just
  a mountain.)
And then,
  in a gusty gesture,
all is swept
  back upstairs.

We are left
  to swim in soot.

Pastorale ~~~

Growls shaking the ground,
eyes sulfurous in the torchlight,
hounds spawn from the darkness.

I curse them back to the crude wood.
Ah,
the joys of a country stroll.

Magnolia ~~~

Scent of temptation
  Ghost-lips invite me in… Why
Am I so far south?

Heat ~~~

It was a day of trees
  sagging beneath the summer sun,
  sweating leaves of green.

Here, the birds
  basked,
  bathed,
  and waved their wings with jollity,
sending droplets of laughter
  splattering onto the pavement below--
as if to mock
  all those cats hiding under cars,
  flapping their tails expectantly
as if,
  at any moment,
  they could just fly away
  and escape
  this suffocating summer's day. Oh! --

If it weren't all an illusion…

Yet with I as its mirror,
the sun cast forth its relentless rays
  and reflected in me
  a smile.

Lady Macbeth's flower garden ~~~

What on earth could hide
beneath such a lovely dress
  (tantalizing frills, multicolor thrill)

I dive down
to sneak a peek
and am bitten
by a snake.

On a melodie by Grieg ~~~

Fall's brown veil dampened
  by soft winter snow. It sags,
illusion broken.

Passing ~~~

Am I even gay?
or am I
or am I just some fucking
starfish
asexual
beached
on a sandy planet.

And the sun's flames stare down
And their gazes get me down
for they see but do not understand
(they will not understand.)

Sleeping with you ~~~

It's hard
to drift off
to sleep
when you snore.

As I lie,
I also hear
an alarm
I set yesterday.

I ignore it,
for you
are worth it.

Atlanta ~~~

Weary eyes wander
  Across that checkered skyline
A life worth living

The old North station ~~~

Just past that knotted wooden cross
stands the old North station.

Across the highway, I spy:
  A leathery Bible-book of a man,
    his dark wrinkles
    eating up the sunlight,
    and grinning with delight
    as they multiply.
  The sun,
    it drives him onwards,
    showing our weary traveler
    the way, and
  his big walking stick
    thumps
    the ground around
  the old North station.

Coming through!

Now, he sits before it,
a sturdy wooden bench his throne.

Face it ~~~

My acne
  is acme.

My face
contains multitudes:
  Mounds.
  Mountains.
Many may marvel--
More shall stare and survey
the topography
  of my anatomy.

There will be those
that traipse in, trampling
  and looking to tame.
They shall view volcanoes
that blow up
in their face
  on my face.

Oh, Death… ~~~

Death? Oh…

Don't take Death too serious.

Death's a bad comedian
with a single
goddamned
routine
that goes on
for-
ever.
And,
(get this,)
his punchlines
always come
at the wrong
time.

Hotel ~~~

Air conditioner resumes its haggard rattle
  Icy air is hacked up
  like hairballs
  that splatter upon
  these exposed wings
  (sprouting awkwardly from
  this newfound linen cocoon)
  before sliding off
  in apology.

In the quiet,
  I wonder how many others
  have looked past these--
  fetid floral curtains
  and out onto that--
  pockmarked parking lot,
  and am reminded that--
  travel is just the makeup
  donned by these roads to Rome,
  that crumbling empire
  we all call home.

Air conditioner resumes its haggard rattle

From a beach house ~~~

Once
I skinny dipped at the beach--

Alone, so
were all those sand fleas
in want of company--

They cut into
every crevice
Opened my flesh
for saltwater seasoning--

To roast by sunlight
I had to be restrained
by the slimy, the green
seaweed
at the thighs--

I began to ache so
I broke for familiar shore
Pallid sand grasped my feet
leaving impressions
But the waves came
Washed Beach's body
(fresh, inviting)
Now I watch
Someone new shot onto the coast
crawling as a baby

Summer rain ~~~

Like summer rain
you come rushing in
Relief at last--
Where have you been?

But you're moving too fast
Words get lost in the din
and your comforting clouds
are stolen by wind.

Age of imperfection ~~~

It is
so easy
to overlook
  a head
  that's losing
  its hair
to avoid
  eyes
  that observe
  only silhouettes
to ignore
  legs
  that shuffle
  behind you.

Less so
to pinch
  your nose
  at the stench
  of rot
to explain away
  the body stain.

When company comes
what will they see?
A house can still stand
with floorboards that creak.

Growing ~~~

I--
I am.
I am growing,
growing into--
into this body.
This body--
this body is.
This body is right.

Tired ~~~

Might I introduce
  Bag Beneath My Eye, set deep
still spurned (relative)

New year ~~~

Gunshots, or fireworks?
  Critters scatter all the same;
tonight, we revel.

Lieder ~~~

I hit the notes wrong
(though I practiced them, true),
linger long on the lines
that remind me of you.

But: you, in the audience,
endure, then applaud.
Maybe, at last,
I've found love, Lord God.

Men, as columns ~~~

Two men
chest to chest.
Two tall pillars of stone
collapsed at last
that, in their friction,
soften the edges
and reduce
  to rocks
  to pebbles

The return home is easy now.
To the soil
that sustains
life and love
forever.